

SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Editor.

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W. J. ELLIOTT, Editor.

PERSONAL.

There is an opening and an unusual opportunity for financial investment in The Sunday Morning Globe by a gentleman capable of managing its business department.

Call on the undersigned.

W. J. ELLIOTT.

Opportunities of Certain Kinds—Pure Luck.

In these days of strikes and trusts fortune-making to the average man is slow indeed, but to the man born with luck, neither time, place, trust or strike comes amiss. The fickle goddess falls into his arms and hugs him into bliss, if money is bliss, and it appears to be coveted as such.

Take, for instance, the case of a Manchester cotton spinner, who had worked hard for years for 30 shillings a week. He had the misfortune one day in 1897 to be accidentally poisoned with acetic acid. He took it, appears, enough to kill three ordinary men, yet did not die, and so remarkable was the case considered that a well-known doctor wrote to a London paper on the subject. The letter was copied into an Australian journal, and there seen by the cotton spinner's brother, who had emigrated, when young, made money and quite lost sight of the rest of his family. He came back to England, looked up his brother, and when he died last year left him £18,000.

Here is another instance of what at first appeared a disaster resulting in money and fame. Henry George, the writer of "Progress and Poverty," was sent to Ireland during the Fenian agitation as a special correspondent of a New York paper. At that time George was an unknown man, and his book, equally so, although it had been published for several years. Hardly had the correspondent landed before he was arrested at Loughrea as a suspect and lodged in jail.

He was released next day, but not before his name was in all the papers. Without delay he brought out a new cheap edition of "Progress and Poverty" in London. The Times gave a whole page to it, and the entire edition went off in 24 hours. Its author cleared thousands and became the most talked of man of the year.

A mouse hunt brought fortune to a Parisian market woman named Jacques. She espied the tiny creature under the grate in her lodgings, but when she tried to catch it it disappeared in a crack of the brickwork. She pulled away a loose brick when suddenly out tumbled a bundle of dusty papers. They proved to be bank notes to the value of £1,600. By French law she may claim the whole amount in a year's time if no one else can prove a title. Seeing that the notes are many years old, it is very improbable that anyone will ever make a claim.

Sometimes it is a dead hand that dowers a pauper with unexpected millions. Henry Hawthorne was in 1854 a boy of 18. He was bathing in the sea near a Kentish village when he saw a small sailing boat nearly a mile out suddenly upset. Flinging on his clothes, he jumped into his boat, which was pulled up on the beach, launched it, and went to the rescue. A woman was still clinging to the capsized craft. He pulled her in and saved her life.

Afterward he fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. She was a widow, but she refused, saying she had promised her dead husband never

to marry again. But she begged Hawthorne to accept a portion of her income, as she said she had more money than she could spend. Hawthorne refused, went to America and enlisted in the United States Army.

He served in the Civil War in 1864, was mustered out, and has for some years been an inmate of a soldiers' home. A few months ago he received word that the lady he had saved nearly 47 years before was dead and had left him owner of nearly £20,000 a year, including estates in France, the West Indies, England and Austria.

Mines have given many men sudden fortunes, but only as a rule after long years of toil. Few have the luck of George Cormican, an Irish teamster, who came to America some three years ago and got work on a cattle ranch in Montana. He was coming across the plains with his wagon one day last autumn when he stopped to give his tired mules a few minutes' rest.

Suddenly he noticed a badger disappear into a hollow under a bank near the road. Then he noticed some blue stones lying at the mouth of the hole. He picked up a few and took them home. They proved to be blue sapphires equal to the very finest oriental stones. Cormican's chance find has made him a rich man already, and he will probably be a millionaire within a few years.

Almost equally startling was the rise of Maximilian Rarun, 20 years ago a clerk in the city of Mexico on £150 a year. He saved a little from his small salary and went into business as a money lender. Taking over a supposedly worthless mine for a bad debt, he tested the workings and discovered the great El Promontario silver lead, which gives him the comfortable income of £120,000 a year.

The Fertilizing Company and the Police.

Locally we have touched upon the danger of rotten garbage and decaying vegetable matter to the health of the city and to the inconvenience and disgust to the householder. There is as great a grievance, however, and equally dangerous to health, in the matter of dead animals—horses, dogs, cats, etc., which remain until the fertilizer company's wagons are ready to remove the carion. Lately a species of relief has been afforded, in this particular, more objectionable even than the original neglect, inasmuch as it entails needless suffering to poor dumb brutes compelled to live in agony until the fertilizer company's horse and wagon arrives on the scene, when the animal is put out of its misery.

Our attention was attracted to this phase of the matter recently by a police officer who absolutely refused to shoot a suffering horse at the request of its owner until he could summon on the ground the fertilizer company's vehicle to take away the remains. Questioning the officer on the strangeness of his conduct in permitting the horse to suffer instead of putting it out of its misery at once, he replied that if he shot the horse before the fertilizer company's wagon arrived, some outside party would purchase the dead animal and remove it!

We pressed for no further information from this intelligent and subsidized source, but we, this morning, publicly direct the attention of the District Commissioners to the matter and request an answer to the public at large, whether they or the fertilizer company issued such orders to the officers on beats?

Major Sylvester, the head of the Police Department, is certainly too intelligent and too honest a man, we have a right to believe, to imagine that he would issue any such a stupid, sinister and asinine order as this officer claimed to have. The question lies between the Commissioners and the fertilizer company. If the latter has presumed to subsidize the police the public wants to know it, and if the Commissioners have issued any such an order The Globe respectfully calls up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to do its duty in the premises.

Must poor, dumb brutes, then, be kept in misery for hours and even days, despite their owners' protest against such sufferings, that the fertilizer company, in which the pious Star is a heavy stockholder, may be on hand to confiscate the remains when the animal is finally despatched by an obsequious or subsidized police officer?

Will the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals look into this matter. The Globe is ready to furnish evidence in one case, at least.

Evans's Manipulations.

Under the new law, or rather, the amended law passed at the last session of Congress, regulating the allowance of pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, H. Clay Evans, in order to defeat the intent of said law, had prepared and issued to the Examining Surgeons throughout the United States new rules, directing that all disabilities found on medical examination, on orders marked at June 27, 1890, should be rated, not separately, as has always been the practice, but as a whole. The maximum allowance under said act is but \$12. They so rate the combined disabilities, knowing that the applicant can receive no more. The certificate goes to the claim, and under additional instructions governing the medical examiners and reviewers in the office, the rate is cut in half and the claimant allowed but \$6 instead of the \$12 to which entitled and provided by acts of Congress. So the McKinley Administration of the Pension Bureau, through

its vehicle, Evans, not only defeats the laws but robs the soldier and evades the distribution of the money appropriated. Evans, it is said, was a fat contributor to the fund that went toward paying McKinley out of bankruptcy, therefore McKinley, even if he wished to do so, can not shake the mole that is blighting his Administration and driving the soldier and his friends to looking in other directions in the hope that justice may yet be meted out to the country's defenders and their widows and orphans.

The Great Strike.

President Shaffer ends the week decidedly in the lead of the hitherto invincible Pierpont Morgan. The strike is spreading, and the faint-hearted among the labor element is taking heart. It needs but a ringing declaration from Sempel Gompers that the Federation of Labor has enlisted purse and men for the war, to bring the great steel barons to their feet. Will he do this? This is the opportunity of Mr. Gompers' life, and the sure road to win every trade and labor union in America into the Federation of Labor.

On the other hand, this sagacious leader has confronting him a grave problem, viz: the risk and prestige of his formidable organization and the uncertainty of victory. He has to calculate not only the resources of the common enemy, the steel barons, but the jacksnipe of the men at the forge. Evidence of their weakness has been exhibited in Chicago, and treachery can be as easily traced as the roadways from the Roman forum to the most deserted territories its arms had conquered. Therefore, Gompers naturally pauses to launch the thunders of the Federation into the arena where labor is struggling for life or for principal, which is as dear as life itself to the union man. Our undivided sympathies are, of course, with Shaffer and his men. They are the people, their opponents are the aristocrats of wealth, the combination which made it possible for a naturalized Scotchman to take with him to Europe over \$100,000,000 of the money labor created and earned in blood and sweat and toil.

The most inspiring and yet pathetic thing in this whole strike occurred last week, when the boys, brave little lads, struck and caused the mills then running to close down. The mothers of these lads should not be left to want. They have raised them with the true American spirit and defiance of tyrants and oppressors. We have always opposed strikes before they took place, as ineffectual, or at least afterthought attempts at redress. We have advocated the voting-booth as the place where the oppressed can obtain the speediest and most complete justice. American toilers alone, of the world's wage-earners, have this privilege, this means of redress. We have, however, invariably supported the strike when it took place, on the ground that the toiler has had it forced on him by conditions created by capital. If the wage-earner would vote at each and every election in anything like an organized mass and turned out the party in power, no matter what its name might be, and substituted the other side, politicians would soon be falling over each other to obey its behests. It is a simple plan, but it will be found more effective than all the strikes of the oppressed from Spartacus to Shaffer.

The House of Montague.

The brilliant young Virginian captured first place on the Old Dominion ticket Thursday last, hands down. We carefully read the Star's long and exhaustive account of the convention, but could nowhere find the word "Democratic." If we had not known that the rock-ribbed Democracy of the Mother of States was in convention assembled we would be in ignorance as to the name of the party holding the convention. We rise to ask, is the name "Democracy" tabooed in the Star's columns? Its account reminded us of a famous reporter on the Columbus Evening Dispatch, who wrote a column and a half half-raising account of a murder, and left the name of the murdered man entirely out of the article!

However, we do believe that if our neighbor across the street issued a blank sheet the citizens of Washington would purchase it just the same. Any old thing is good enough for its columns.

The nomination of Attorney-General Montague to the gubernatorial office was anticipated days, nay, weeks, before the convention. This paper predicted his triumph of Thursday last six weeks ago. He was the logical candidate of the convention and of the splendid Democracy of Old Virginia. He is a remarkably brilliant man and peers it with the brainiest above and below the Mason & Dixon line. That he will be a worthy successor to the long and distinguished line of Virginians who preceded him in the gubernatorial chair, we have not the slightest doubt. His character for probity and honor is unimpeachable; he is a true son of the chivalrous State that gave him birth and a worthy scion of the House of Montague, which has ever been conspicuous for its loyalty and patriotism to the State which it was their pride to suffer for and to serve.

His running-mate on the ticket deserved richly the honor conferred. It is a splendid ticket from head to tail, and commands not alone the undivided support of the Virginia Democracy, but the respect and confidence of all. The head of the ticket has made a magnificent record as the highest law officer of the commonwealth, and that he will equally distinguish himself in

the gubernatorial chair all who know his superior attainments confidently predict. We congratulate the sterling Democracy of Virginia on its ticket and platform, and patiently await the sure and increased majority it will receive at their hands.

Addenda.

Since the article on garbage appearing on the first page was put in type The Globe has ascertained that Auditor Peltz has held up the pay of the Washington Fertilizer Company. Mr. Peltz appears to be an official who looks after the interests of the people and the health of the community. The Fertilizer people keep the garbage, etc. they do collect two or three days at their depot, New Jersey avenue and K street, N. W., then ship it down the river, but are unable to consume it so they bury what they can't consume, to the injury, probably, of the people living along the river front.

A Good Suggestion.

Washington, Aug. 11, 1901.
EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

The Republican fraud, known as the District government, is repugnant to all honest, fair-minded people. It is responsible to nobody but the beneficiaries of its wrongs. But would Mr. Rose's proposition increase its responsibility to the people of the city? If the Congress must continue to legislate, and the U. S. courts adjudicate, then one Commissioner or Mayor is sufficient, and it does not matter much from whence he is appointed. But why can not the people of the capital rule themselves? Because the old model of the American city government that took no notice of institutions, was tried, and with negro voting, failed, is no argument that free government, even with negroes, is a failure. For who can prove it was not a part of the Federalistic, Whig, Black-Republican program to enfranchise the blacks to make all self-government impracticable? At least, history shows no Republican effort to make universal suffrage (including negro suffrage) practicable, although by universal suffrage was the only way to make a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," the Republican shibboleth in time of weakness. In fact, Mr. Rose's scheme seems to be a Republican plan how not to do what you would make people believe you are disposed to do—to establish free, fair and responsible government. Does anybody imagine, as long as outsiders rule Washington, that the District will be governed right? If the city government of the capital is to become responsible, it must be ruled from the inside. Self-government is the only guarantee the city or citizen can have for order, protection and fair treatment.

I suggest that the government of the District of Columbia be placed in the hands of a city assembly, made up of representatives of the people, organized into two houses, and the administration be placed in the hands of a mayor (elected by a majority of all voters for five years), advised and controlled by a council of four men, selected from the majority faction or party in the lower house of the assembly, the council to hold the direction of the administration as long as it controls the support of a majority of the people's representatives in both houses. I suggest to make the assembly truly representative of the people as they live in society, that the District be divided into twenty-five divisions, each division containing about 12,000 people, and each division be required to elect and send a delegate to the lower house of the assembly, every man (a bona fide citizen), the head of a family, or capable of being such, voting, and that the divisions known as Northeast, Northwest, Southeast, Southwest old Georgetown, the county West of North Capitol street and the county East of the same street, each (with two senators from the city at large) be required to elect and send a representative to the city senate, every man the head of a family or capable of being such, and paying taxes on at least \$500 worth of real or personal property, voting. With such a government in which all are represented, legislating, adjudicating (through inferior courts of its own creation) and executing its own rules and decrees, every citizen might have some say in the government under which he lives. His vote would be some guarantee of his rights.

H. W. G.

When General Braxton Bragg commanded the Army of the Tennessee, one day while on the march, he suddenly came upon one of the "ragged" butternut fraternity, who was just then busily engaged in plundering a garden. The General drew up, and in that clear, ringing voice, which, even heard on the field of battle is not readily forgotten, called out, "To what command do you belong?" Butternut was caught; he recognized the general, and he knew the man he had to deal with. Assuming a green, gawky manner, he answered as follows: "Mister, I did belong to Mr. Bragg's company, but he shot all but-me!"

This was a little too much, and drawing his hat over his eyes and compressing his lips, the general rode on and left the last man of his "company" to live.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that can come to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a servant.

POLITICAL TALKS.

Hon. James L. Norris on the Ohio Platform.

SILVER A DEAD ISSUE.

Hon. Horace L. Chapman, Ex-Candidate for Governor, Indorses the Democratic State Ticket of Ohio and Predicts Victory in November—Mr. Norris Defines His Democracy in His Usual Clear Manner.

Hon. James L. Norris, the District member of the National Committee, unrecognized by Chairman Jones, being asked his opinion on the Ohio platform, promptly, as will be seen, approved the same.

"I have read the platform clear through and I can not see how anyone claiming to be a Democrat can find any objections to its planks."

"How about the omission, or rather the ignoring of the Kansas City platform?"

"Well, the Ohio platform doesn't repudiate the Kansas City or any other national Democratic platform of principles. It simply and specifically states the issues on which the Democracy will contest Ohio, not the entire country, with the Republican party of that State."

"Well, to be more specific, Mr. Norris, how about the silver issue?"

"That, sir, as Senator Stewart himself said the other day, is no longer an issue by reason of the fact that the conditions which made it such no longer exist. When the Republican party again creates these conditions, the silver issue, as you call it, or some other antagonistic issue to the Republican scheme will be launched by the Democratic party, and that is all that any man can say on this head. For the present the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, or any other ratio, is no more a Democratic issue than the limitation of free soil statehood or the extension of slavery."

"Now, Mr. Norris; what would you have The Globe understand—that you, too, have gone back on Mr. Bryan?"

Mr. Norris laughed and struck his mighty thighs nervous fashion, and replied:

"Gone back on fiddlesticks. Mr. Bryan is a Democrat, and I go back on no Democrat who accepts the result of primary, District, State or National Convention. The trouble with some of our newspaper men is, you insist on substituting an individual for the Democratic party. The party is bigger and mightier and stronger than any individual. It has buried leaders and Presidents and still survives, and as nobody can take it to the grave with him so nobody can wear it exclusively as a necklace or a scarf-pin while he is alive. I am an admirer, indeed, I might say, a partisan of Mr. W. J. Bryan's, with whom I have maintained the friendliest and closest personal relations, but Mr. Bryan himself would consider me eccentric if I had to consult him or any other Democrat, touching my acceptance of the flat, platform or principles of a Democratic convention before I gave in my adhesion to the same. You see, my boy, the convention declares the platform, and all good Democrats get on board as soon as it is laid down, just as they have done in Ohio, Maryland, and Thursday last, in the Old Dominion."

"Is Mr. John R. McLean, in your opinion, the logical Senatorial beneficiary of Democratic victory in Ohio?"

"If he isn't, he ought to be, and I would consider the Democracy of Ohio unworthy of victory, place or power, if he failed to recognize him. For 30 years he has borne the heat and a great share of the expense of keeping the standard aloft in the State. If McLean was a Republican, and did half as much for that party as he has for the Democracy, he would not only have worn the Senatorial toga long ago but sat in the Presidential chair. Yes, sir; if the Ohio Democracy wins this fight, and I believe they will, Mr. McLean, by all the rules of party warfare, is the first man in the State for Senatorial honors, and I believe he will meet little or no opposition in securing the honor. He has been an aggressive and consistent fighter, and his purse, paper and services have been given freely when others flunked or left him to go it alone."

"How about Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland?"

"He is a great fighter, and doing good work, but I do not think the country at large is yet prepared, or, as you would say, educated up to his advanced ideas. Mr. Johnson has been shrewdly devoting his time and talents to money-making, and some, though not all, his leisure, to politics. He has taken a very little part in even Ohio State contests in the past, although he had the means, opportunity and pressing invitations to do so, but, like a sagacious man of business, he followed a sure thing and raked in the dollar. His assistance now to the State ticket will be very welcome, no doubt, and very valuable, and the Democracy of Ohio will, in due time, I hope, reward him for such services, but it has a debt to pay the continuous and untiring chieftain who has backed, led and kept its flag aloft, and that chieftain is Hon. John R. McLean."

And the great patent attorney, as he rubbed his legs, turned to his desk with a gentle intimation to withdraw our gins.

Hon. Horace L. Chapman, who made an unsuccessful race for governor of Ohio against Oily William, in an interview with our old friend Col. Lew

Greene, the well-known publisher of the Hocking Sentinel, says:

"I have high hopes of the Democracy winning out in Ohio this year," said a proper platform. Yes, I shall Hon. Horace L. Chapman, of Jackson, Ohio, "for we have an admirable ticket take the stump if the boys want me. I have never refused and am always ready."

"Is silver eliminated as an issue," he was asked.

"Yes, until such an exigency arises as confronted us in 1896, when a greater volume of money was needed sorely to start and stimulate the business of the country, whether it was yellow, white or paper money. Since that time the currency of the country has been increased \$700,000,000, which demonstrates the correctness of our contention, removes the cause of stagnation, and there is no use in stirring something that has been settled. We have nothing to retract, and conditions may so change some time in the near future that we would have to reiterate our money plank of 1896; but I recognize that the world moves and we must move with it. I am an original and unwavering free silver man, but the necessity for it has passed, and I begged Mr. Bryan, for whom I entertained highest regards, and whom I supported as loyally as any man in the United States, to keep it out of the Kansas City platform, but he insisted upon its going in, and we were defeated, as I believed we would be."

"As I said before, I think we have a first-class chance to carry Ohio this year. There is a cordial support of the ticket and platform, and a number of Republicans from different parts of the State have assured me that they are going to vote for Colonel Kilbourne, and that means the entire ticket."

Smoke Carolina Brights.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ACT.

A Helpless Woman the Sufferer at the Heads of a District Official.

Washington, August 15.
EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

The Star seems to have a "scoop" on the news around the District Building, and after reading several pieces in that paper about a certain piece of paving that had been done without the advice of the great triumvirate, I sought out the parties, and, to my surprise, found it was a lady who is, unfortunately enough to own a place, and not a non-resident or foreigner. If she only belonged to the latter class she would be immune, and could do as she chose with her property. As there are always two sides to a story, we found this to be the facts in this case.

The latter part of May she made application for permission to pave about four yards of the front yard, so as to prevent dampness coming into the basement. A man was engaged to do the work, and after waiting several days until she was about to leave the city for some time, she received the usual stereotyped letter saying her request would receive "due consideration." The man commenced on the work, and an inspector stopped on the scene, and in place of stopping the work allowed the man to finish it.

After the lady had left the city, a notice was sent stating that it was done without a permit and to remove the paving and replace the dirt. Then, when she returned, another notice was sent, and she called at the Commissioners' office and made a full explanation, and Mr. Newcomer being the only one of the Commissioners on duty, said he would take the matter under consideration, and promised Mr. Wilson to let him know before any action was taken. The next day, Newcomer drove past the place, and the next morning, shortly after 9 o'clock, six men and two carts backed up to the place, seized the pavement and away they went. Even the colored men who took it up blushed with shame for the great Newcomer.

Now, it would not do to say that a man, if only temporarily at the head of this capital city, told a falsehood, for it would give people outside a queer impression, but what of his promise to Mr. Wilson? If the lady had violated the law, why did they not bring her into court and punish her and not assume the part of bulldozers? But then, this only shows the true nature of the tyrannical government we have in this city. Incidentally, we would like to ask this second fiddler to Captain Beach if he has filed the plans of this great military move of his, in the War Department? If not, he certainly ought to without delay, for surely the campaigns of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas would sink into insignificance beside this mighty military genius.

J. T. H.

Why don't you smoke Union made cigarettes.

In the old days the trial of a peer was always conducted in Westminster Hall, and it was easy to realize how impressive was the legal pageant under these circumstances; indeed, it is said that so anxious was the public to see and hear all that went on that in some cases the fair "ladies of St. James" who obtained tickets of admission had themselves slung from the roof in baskets.

If you are looking for the best, take Carolina Brights.

Proud Mother (to the new governess)—And here is a pencil, Miss Green, and a note-book in which I wish you to write down all the clever or remarkable things the dear children may say during your walk."

If you want to enjoy life, smoke Carolina Brights.

CAPE COLONY.

In More Danger of Being Lost to the English.

THAN THE BOER COLLAPSE.

Reynolds London Democratic Newspaper states the Situation in an Honest and Truthful leading Article—Tommy Atkins, Starving and Money lavished on the General who Didn't Whip the Boers or End the War.

Reynolds paper to hand this week says:

The present state of affairs in South Africa can only be described by the one word—Chaos. Yet at such a moment the Government of England, which we have for our sins, has induced the House of Commons to vote the enormous sum of £2,000,000 to Lord Roberts, who has been one of the chief causes of the prolongation of the war. For the first time in our history a warrior has been voted a financial reward for a war which is nearly over, although according to this inept commander, it was "over" a year ago.

Over, indeed! Why, never in the annals of this miserable business has the outlook been so serious—so serious, in fact, that the Government are white with terror—so serious that they are straining every nerve to prevent a particle of truth leaking out to the nation whom they have so lively deluded. Instead of gaining two new colonies, they are likely to lose the old one. Cape Colony is aflame. Not a week passes but there is some serious British defeat there, or some British town captured. Within the last few days the Boers have driven the British out of Swaziland. They are still raiding in the immediate neighborhood of Pretoria and Johannesburg. For a year they have blocked the railroad to Delagoa Bay. So often do they interrupt the line of communication to the Cape, that it is talked of to abandon that route for the alternative railway from Durban to Natal. They are still capturing and releasing British soldiers. Never has any army been disgraced by so many "surrenders" as our own in this fatal campaign. Although the war is "over," we are every week sending out fresh reinforcements, and of the 300,000 black and white troops at the front, we have yet been unable to release many thousands of the men who have been in South Africa for nearly two years. Why, under these circumstances, do we give other nations the opportunity to shout in derision at our parrot cry, repeated daily for upwards of a year that the war is "over." The wish is father to the thought, but the war is not "over," nor will it be for many a day.

Indeed, to emphasize the absurdity of the situation, the government during the last few days have obtained another War Vote of nearly £7,000,000. As this journal gave the most accurate forecast of the present state of the war, we now say, judging by what we see and know up to the time of writing, that the public—that is, the working classes—will have to pay some £250,000,000 for their little blood-feast—a larger sum than any previous single war has cost us. And this against a tiny foe. Our only failure has been to be deceived by the unparalleled number of excuses we are making for our inability to defeat them. The Boers might well say "If we had only half your army and armaments, there would now be no British soldiers in South Africa."

In the midst of this fearful gloom we are told that the unsuccessful General Roberts—those tactics of rushing along the railway lines without subduing the country around him military critics say has been the chief cause of the length of the war—this princely bribe.

Let the soldiers mark it. Our bankrupt government refuses to pay Tommy Atkins his meagre dole, while lavishing money upon Lord Roberts. Thousands of soldiers have been clamouring for weary months for their arrears, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, afraid to come too soon again upon the public for money, has drawn the purse-strings tightly. So our returned soldiers are starving about the streets, the usual fate of the British soldier. Note it well, young men who think of entering upon a military career, especially at a time when we have a government controlled by financiers, one of whom, Rhodes the Balfors, and owner of slaves compounds, has just been made a member of His Majesty's "Most Honourable" Privy Council. Our Jingo used to criticise the Sultan of Turkey for not paying his soldiers. How "Abdul the Dapaud" must laugh to see the Jingo English government following suit. And these Jingo used to boast that they were the party capable of handling the army—these incompetent miscreants who, at the outset, told the Australian government that they did not want mounted men—these reckless adventurers whose ignorance and callousness have been the direct cause of so many lost lives and ruined homes.

And if we look to the front; if we read the letters sent by soldier correspondents to Reynolds' Newspaper—letters the originals of which we have kept as proof of their genuineness—we learn that the army in South Africa is a seething mass of discontent. So, also, in the Australian Republic. They won't pay the returned unemployed. Let us we should be accused of exaggerating, let us give chapter and verse. Mr. Carruthers is one of the best known public men in Australia. He is an ex-minister of the State of New South Wales, and he is at present a candidate for the Premiership. Meanwhile the progress of tyranny, the chief and oldest offspring of imperialism proceeds apace. The Daily Mail, for pointing out some unpleasant truths, has come under the ban of the minister of war. It has been forbidden to receive any official information. Forcibly Mr. Tilly and Jingo correspondents having a taste of the methods of this week, and therefore, bullying government, will now learn to sympathize a little more with the other newspapers, who, as in the case of Reynolds' Newspaper, have incurred the hatred and fear of the government for telling the public the truth.

But all the suppressions and evasions will not avail. Hoopstad was besieged for nine months; Boshof was invested for about the same time, and no living soul in this country, outside ministerial circles, knew these disgraceful facts until, not many weeks ago, these towns were relieved. But what matter? Have we not the mock tale of Matfeking to fall back upon, with its papier mache hero, the recalled Baden-Powell, in our very midst at this moment? We used to regard war as a serious business. Now a hip-pondrome would suit us better.